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ROY BOEKENOOGEN

A TOUR THROUGH THE HOUSE OF ROY BOEKENOOGEN

An Interview Conducted By
Elizabeth Spedding Calciano

Santa Cruz
1964



Roy Boekenoogen
In front of his home
April 22, 1964

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INTRODUCTION

Whenever a person in this area expresses an interest in Santa Cruz County History, he is quickly asked by numerous people, "Have you talked with Roy Boekenoogen?" This is not surprising, for Mr. Boekenoogen possesses an amazing collection of Santa Cruz memorabilia. His collection is wide in scope (it is not in the least limited to the California region) and diverse in material. His collections range from sea shells to antique cameras, and from bottles to butter churns. By his own count he has over fifty exhibits. His house is a fantasy-land for antique hunters, for historians, and for the merely curious.

The members of the University Library feel fortunate to know Mr. Boekenoogen. This slender and active man has done much to aid the University in its acquisition of an Archives of Santa Cruz County history. The University has bought several pictures from his vast collection, and has been allowed to copy others. It has also purchased a number of historical documents from Mr. Boekenoogen; the most notable of these are fourteen Great Registers of Santa Cruz County Voters which span the years from 1872 to 1928. Mr. Boekenoogen has also offered his assistance to the Regional History Project. Certainly his picture collection is a veritable gold mine for a project of this nature.

Mr. Boekenoogen's collections seem chaotic, as indeed

they are, but he has fingertip control over his possessions. At the mere mention of a state, or country, or period of history, Mr. Boekenoogen will dive into a drawer and produce maps, books, or pictures pertaining to the subject. Since his home is a unique landmark in present day Santa Cruz, the Regional History Project decided to take readers of the future on a tour through the house of Roy Boekenoogen.

The interview with Mr. Boekenoogen was held on November 25, 1963. A portion of the tape is preserved in the Regional History Project Office for those who might wish to listen to the conversation. The transcript was edited somewhat by the interviewer and sent to Mr. Boekenoogen for his approval. The pictures in the appendix were taken by the interviewer; the frontispiece was taken by Mr. Boekenoogen's brother, Mr. Bill Boekenoogen, who also processed the finished copies of all the pictures used in this manuscript.

This manuscript is a part of a collection of interviews on the history of Santa Cruz County which have been conducted by the Regional History Project. The Project is under the administrative supervision of Donald T. Clark, University Librarian.

Elizabeth Spedding Calciano

May 14, 1964
Regional History Project
University Library
University of California, Santa Cruz

A Chat in the Living Room

Mrs. C: What year did you come to Santa Cruz?

Mr. B: 1905.

Mrs. C: How old were you then?

Mr. B: I was born in '91. When I came to Santa Cruz my dad had a feed store and we all went to grammar school, Branciforte grammar school. I carried papers after school and worked Saturdays at his place of business. After I graduated from grammar school, I learned the printing business.

Mrs. C: Is the old Branciforte school still standing?

Mr. B: No, that's where Dominican hospital is now. I've got a picture of the old school. In the early days, when I was carrying papers, we had many, many, many social events here. For instance, the circus. Three circuses a year would come to Santa Cruz. The greatest pleasure I had as a child was looking forward to a circus or an event. The anticipation of an event is greater than the real thing. And we had all the big shows from New York come to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. C: Ringling Brothers?

Mr. B: Yes, Ringling Brothers -- I've got this program here

from their circus. We also had, I think, six or seven trains a day come into Santa Cruz. And once a year we'd have an excursion by train to Watsonville for the Apple Annual. I lived in Santa Cruz until, I think, about 1917. I didn't pass the army test and the doctor said to work outside, so I went to work in the dairy business.

Mrs. C: Was this up on the coast?

Mr. B: No, I worked up in Marin County, Monterey County, Napa County, and several of the small counties. This was farming mostly. Then I came back to Santa Cruz in '42 and worked with my brother down in the brush factory, Western Brush Company. Afterwards I went down to the Economy Drugstore and worked about eight years as a salesman.

Mrs. C: Was that the first you'd worked in a drugstore?

Mr. B: Well, I had always been around drugstores and I had a flair for throwing up a little "sell-um", so I could sell. I made good there. I used to sell more than the whole bunch.

Mrs. C: I'll bet you did.

Mr. B: Oh, I did. You ought to see . . . a big fat lady came to the front of the store and we had reducing gum for

\$5.00 and she says, "Mister, is that any good?" I said, "Listen lady, just look me over. Look what it's done for me." She bought it. I used to sell lots of candy and the big fat things would come over there and look, "Boy, I'd like to have that," they'd say. So I'd tell them, "Listen lady, I've been eating that candy now for over two years and I haven't gained a pound. Don't be surprised. It is non-fattening." I like to fool -- well, people like to be fooled. Just like Barnum says, nothing in the world makes people happier than to get bunkoed. They love it. The biggest joke that Barnum ever pulled (he had a flair for the sensational) was when they had a play, back in Europe or some place, a show it was, not a play. The people were jammed in this room and Barnum wanted them out. He scratched his head and said, "I know how to get them out." He put a big sign on the rear of the building, "EXIT this way to see one of the greatest sensations of the world." And they all rushed out the exit into the avenue. (Laughter) He was a nut, that one. I have quite a few of his pictures of Tom Thumb and I have Barnum's life history. You ought to read it some time; it is good.

Mrs. C: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

Mr. B: I had three brothers and my sister had four. Figure that out. (Laughter)

Mrs. C: Four boys and one girl?

Mr. B: There's four boys living and one girl.

Mrs. C: Your parents came out here from Pella?

Mr. B: My father did. My mother came from Canada. Santa Cruz in the early days was very colorful. It was the most picturesque and friendly city in the world, at that time. Farmers would have an acre of land and they would put half in strawberries and the other half chickens. Santa Cruz at one time was second in the state of California for eggs.

Mrs. C: For eggs! What happened to all the hatcheries?

Mr. B: That's what I say: And what happened to all the breweries? We had three big breweries here.

Mrs. C: Really? Beer breweries?

Mr. B: Sure, I've got a picture of them. Here's one right here. I have pictures of three of them. This is one of them; this is on Ocean Street.

Mrs. C: Big Trees Brewery.

Mr. B: That's one of them. Another one was the Vienna Brewery. That was down at the bottom of the hill, were

they have the supermarket.

Mrs. C: The bottom of this hill?

Mr. B: Yes. I have the picture.

Mrs. C: And where was the Big Trees Brewery?

Mr. B: You know on Water Street where Adolph's is? You go right down there and it's about a quarter of a mile. You'll see a street called Goss Street on this side. There is a mushroom factory now, where it goes underneath Branciforte Avenue. Then we had a large cannery here, at the end of the wharf. I have a picture here. They hired lots of men.

Mrs. C: What kind of fish did they can?

Mr. B: Mostly sardines. Then Cowell used to ship loads and loads of lime. Up towards Rincon there is a big mountain where they took this white rock out and put it in kilns and they put it in barrels, 100 and 50 pound barrels. And here's some of the pictures of the Powder Mill.

Mrs. C: You never worked there, did you?

Mr. B: No, I didn't.

Mrs. C: Do you know very many of the people in the picture?

Mr. B: Oh, there's two or three I know. There's a man across the street, who worked up there. Henry Bold. I have

pictures of all kinds. Whatever you are working on, let me know and I can go ahead and have all the data for you, like I do for the newspaper – they don't have to do anything. I want to show you what we are working on now for the paper. I suggested that we have a story about the way we used to do in the early days. A traveling salesman would go from ranch to ranch with wares and the photographer would go there and he would say, "I want to take your picture," and then the tinsmith would come and he would say, "Lady, have you got any pots and pans to mend?" and the horseshoer would come to the place and the Jewish peddler would come with a suitcase on his back selling neckties, hats and stuff. The next time he would come back with a buggy load of stuff. My dad went up to the city and that same man had a little store in the side of the wall. Then talking about the old days, I was looking through one of my old magazines, 1871, and I found this picture and story.

Mrs. C: "Traveling Photographer of the Country."

Mr. B: I asked my brother to make a copy of it. So he made a copy of it. Isn't that something? And here's the whole story about it. So all that newspaper girl has to do is just get it and put her name on it. It's all there.

I put the reporters wise to a lot of stories. They're not very grateful. I give them a lot of material, but I don't get much credit. You know there were seven stories in a row that I was responsible for, and they wouldn't have put a thing in about Armistice Day if I hadn't taken all the dope down there. Oh, there were several stories that could have gone in the paper at the time the thing happened, but they don't do that, they don't think of those things. But I did work a little bit ahead on this Junipero Serra. I gave the reporter the dope a week or ten days ago. Of course, tomorrow is Serra's birthday. I may joke and all that, but the time is coming when you are going to pay to see this kind of merchandise. It'll be in museums. They'll grab it up. Here's a picture I got the other day. There's the Cowell wharf, there's the Cowell's warehouse, there's the railroad wharf, then the new wharf in 1914. Then I have pictures of the two wharfs and the Powder Mill Wharf.

Mrs. C: Where did you get that picture?

Mr. B: Oh, a guy down town gave it to me. He said, "I don't want it."

Mrs. C: Did you start collecting as a child or ...

Mr. B: No, the whole family, except one brother, he doesn't, well, his wife won't let him or he'd be a collector. But my sister, she's a hound, and I guess she is the one who got me started, because she saved all this old stuff from the past. I started saving, so now I've got a pretty good collection. You can't name anything that goes back, that I haven't got in this house, someplace. You think you've seen things; well just remember that every one of these cabinets is full.

Mrs. C: Is this your old family house?

Mr. B: Yes. Here, I picked up a paper yesterday, an old Santa Cruz paper.

Mrs. C: The Sentinel, Santa Cruz, Thursday evening, March 13, 1862. My goodness!

Mr. B: It's too bad; I like people to appreciate this, but they don't.

Mrs. C: This is really a marvelous collection of things.

Mr. B: I have all the different magazines that aren't being printed. *Argosy*, *Sunset Magazine* ...

Mrs. C: What's this?

Mr. B: My hair. I was about six or seven then. In the early days we didn't cut our hair. The boys looked like girls. I told my mother then -- oh, I cried like a

baby, "Mamma, save my hair, will you please?" She saved it and 40 years afterwards I found my hair. This is the way I looked after my hair was taken off.

Mrs. C: This is your family at that time? There are two girls here.

Mr. B: That's a boy.

Mrs. C: Oh! Did your family buy this house right when they moved to Santa Cruz?

Mr. B: They built it. You see this was one big field when I came here. The house on the corner below me was here, and the place next to it was here, and the place way down was here, and this was one big field. My dad bought these lots - - I have the picture here. This was Soquel Avenue - - this is the building they tore down way down below there, the old hardware company. This is Branciforte and this building was here, across the street. It's Shoppers Corner now. I'm right in here. This is the building right on the corner that was here when I came. It was a grocery store. They took the top off it so all this is here yet today. The Chinese Laundry, Woods Beauty Shop and this has all been taken down. And this is Cramers now and over here was the hospital, Dominican. I'm going to tell you something about California. There is no state in the

union that has the variety of climate or scenery of California.

Mrs. C: I know.

Mr. B: Walnuts, peanuts, oranges, peaches, cotton, tobacco, everything. You can go to Chico on a summer day and it will be 105°. Two hours later you're up in Mt. Lassen where it is freezing.

Mrs. C: How did your parents happen to decide on Santa Cruz?

Mr. B: Well, I had a cousin over here who spoke so highly of Santa Cruz. Down where I was born, down in Salinas, they didn't have the school facilities they had here. My parents came over here so there would be the chance to educate the children.

Mrs. C: Your family lived at Salinas a while first?

Mr. B: Gonzales, that's almost the same thing. They came there from Iowa. Father came in 1880 and my mother came from Canada.

Mr. C: What did your father do in Iowa and out here?

Mr. B: He was a young man when he came out here, in the 1880s. I know when he came out here he worked for a dollar and a half a day. Then he started a grocery store down in Gonzales. Than he took that and invested it into a ranch.

Mrs. C: What did he do here?

Mr. B: Had a grocery store here, and feed store.

Mrs. C: Did you work in the store when you were a kid?

Mr. B: No, my brother did. But I had a very wonderful life. Never was sick in my life. Now this picture was taken about ten years ago. It's of the upstairs, here. I used to have all the different scenes, all the beach scenes, churches, everything pertaining to Santa Cruz, placed on all the walls upstairs. Then people began to come in here, like you from Iowa. What do you care about Santa Cruz places? You'd like to see something else. Maybe you'd like to see some music, maybe you'd like to look at records, maybe you didn't care about Santa Cruz history. You may have been interested in the pictures -- I still have all the pictures left. That's what started it, see. Now there's a beautiful picture. And there's the crowd at the beach in 1907.

Mrs. C: This is beach. Now what is this building right over here?

Mr. B: The Casino. Oh, some day I'll be able to cash in on this.

Mrs. C: What's this? The first auto rental car in Santa Cruz?

Mr. B: They had a livery stable and they had a car they used

to rent out.

Mrs. C: Whose was it?

Mr. B: Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins was Dr. Nitler's grandfather. Here's the same man taken 20 years before, when he had the livery stable.

Mrs. C: Hopkins & Besse Livery Stable. I would like to know something about the brush factory. Is it still running?

Mr. B: The brush factory is still there, but he is retired now.

Mrs. C: Who owned it?

Mr. B: My brother. I have the history of it here, if you want it.

Mrs. C: You worked in it when you were just out of grammar school?

Mr. B: No, I didn't work in it before '42. I just had that paper here -- it tells all about it, how he started out with a few dollars. I had it here some where.

Mrs. C: Was it your father who started it?

Mr. B: Oh no, my brother. I've got the write-up.

Mrs. C: Why don't you just tell me about it?

Mr. B: Well, I can't remember exactly.

Mrs. C: Did they produce all kinds of brushes then?

Mr. B: He's the guy to get the interview from; he has the memory.

Mrs. C: After the brush factory you worked in the drugstore, didn't you?

Mr. B: Yes, I never had so much fun as selling. I had a bet down at the store that if anybody would leave that store without a smile or a laugh, I'd give them a dollar.

Mrs. C: No wonder you sold so much!

Mr. B: Oh, yes, I used to sell. You ought to see me sell sun glasses. They'd always send the stuff to me that nobody else could sell. I'd say to the ladies, "I have a beautiful pair of sun glasses here. They originally cost five dollars, but I'm going to let you have them for two. Now let me try them on you. No, they aren't right. Now here's a pair for three dollars. No, now lets try these. Now you just look in the glass. That enhances your looks about 25% and I mean it." And I'd mean it, it did.

Mrs. C: It blocked out 25% of the face (Laughter)

Mr. B: I don't know, my conscience hurts me a whole lot. Here's a picture of Clara Bow. I have stacks and stacks of all the movie stars. There is Shirley Temple

when she was a little girl. You know, there are collectors for all that stuff.

Mrs. C: I bet there are.

Mr. B: Oh, there are.

Mrs. C: Here's the Central Meat Market. It was where the Bank of America is now?

Mr. B: Yes.

Mrs. C: That's on Pacific Avenue and Soquel?

Mr. B: Right on the corner. Yes. I was up above there during the fire. The printing office was up there.

Mrs. C: What happened to your building in the earthquake?

Mr. B: These walls fell over on the press. I have a copy of the paper here, telling about it.

Mrs. C: This printing company you worked for, was that right after you got out of grammar school?

Mr. B: Yes.

Mrs. C: What did you do there?

Mr. B: Oh, I ran the press.

Mrs. C: Was it a local company for odd printing, or was it a newspaper?

Mr. B: It was a newspaper. I have a copy.

Mrs. C: How many years did you work there?

Mr. B: Oh, just two or three, when I carried papers. Then I worked in there Saturdays and like that.

Mrs. C: What newspaper was it?

Mr. B: They called it *The Surf*.

Mrs. C: Oh, *The Surf*. Was the owner a little short man?

Mr. B: Yes, I've got his picture.

Mrs. C: He ran a fairly good newspaper, didn't he?

Mr. B: Yes, but he was no businessman. He was a wonderful newspaperman but people would gyp him out of everything he had.

Mrs. C: That's why it failed?

Mr. B: Oh, sure. He never got no money.

Mrs. C: What did he pay you with instead of money?

Mr. B: Give us an order on the grocery store or dry goods store. He was the head man up there for a while. Then he was mayor here for a long, long time.

Mrs. C: What was his name again?

Mr. B: Taylor, Arthur Taylor.

Mrs. C: Was he married?

Mr. B: Oh, yes, to a big, big woman. I have his picture here. I have the picture of pretty near everything you can

think of.

Mrs. C: That I can believe.

Mr. B: Oh, I have.

Mrs. C: You've proved it.

Mr. B: Just look here; all these things are just full, full, full, all these drawers.

Mrs. C: What kind of cabinet is this?

Mr. B: A music cabinet.

The Parlor

Mrs. C: now old is this Edison phonograph?

Mr. B: Oh, they came out about 1900.

Mrs. C: What room are we standing in now?

Mr. B: This is the parlor and that is the sitting room, and that is the spare room, and then the next one is the bedroom where my father and mother slept. The room in the back was my sister's room, and then that big room over here is the kitchen. Then upstairs we had it divided into four rooms.

Mrs. C: Let me just describe this room. This is the parlor -- goodness, how does one describe it? Shelves and shelves and shelves of

Mr. B: In my mother's time we had the piano here by the window and furniture.

Mrs. C: You've got pictures hanging up on the walls and shelves with china displays, and old calculators and old tools, just everything. Old doctor bags, old dolls. Here is a violin and all kinds of glass.

Mr. B: From back in the seventies. And these old albums are interesting.

Mrs. C: Photograph albums, Chinese fans.

Mr. B: Here's an old scale they used to use that Wrigley gave away to the different merchants back in about 1900.

Mrs. C: Wrigley. Why did he give them?

Mr. B: As advertisement. Like Coca-Cola does now. Here's a book, Riding and Driving, 1863, "How to Drive a Horse." Where are you going to find a thing like that? Isn't that something? You know this stuff is really historical. You know, it's too bad that somebody really intelligent couldn't come in here and systematize it. I lost all my girlfriends over this stuff. They all said it was this or them. (Laughter)

Mrs. C: Oh, my! A perfume cabinet on four legs.

Mr. B: Here's an old Chinese lady's shoe. When I came to Santa Cruz this was the size of the feet of the Chinese women, this is the size right here.

Mrs. C: Really, you aren't kidding?

Mr. B: No sir.

Mrs. C: I knew they bound their feet, but I never realized they were that small! That's about four inches long!

Mr. B: That is a replica of the exact size of the Chinese that were in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. C: Do you remember the Chinese? About how many were there in town?

Mr. B: Oh, I forget. I could get the dope. Over a hundred, I guess. We had a regular Chinatown. I have the pictures of Chinatown. I had a nice write-up in the paper not long ago about Chinatown. They had big vegetable gardens here.

Mrs. C: Where were their gardens?

Mr. B: I think down there by the depot. I guess they were kind of all over. I have all the data on that. I could get all that stuff together.

Mrs. C: Oh, high button shoes. Do you have a button hook?

Mr. B: I have a couple of them.

Mrs. C: I've never seen a button hook. Oh, yes.

Mr. B: Most have got names on them.

Mrs. C: You have about twenty button hooks. A silver hair brush set.

Mr. B: I've got a nice bunch of train pictures. These are my sister's old dolls. There are fifty exhibits in this house.

Mrs. C: What's this?

Mr. B: That's from Alaska. It's a loaf of bread.

Mrs. C: How long have you had that?

Mr. B: I've only had it three or four months. I made a good buy on this chest, only ten dollars delivered.

Mrs. C: Oh, the whole chest?

Mr. B: Yes, and delivered. I wish you could take something like a movie.

Mrs. C: Yes, that is what this house needs.

Mr. B: If you could rent one, it would pay, because you are going to see things in here that are historical, that you won't see anywhere else. Of course a lot of the stuff is available in any town, but where are you going to find something like the old Santa Cruz paper back a hundred years ago? Where are you going to find pictures of the old beach? That would be all on the

movie. Scenes of the old beach, all the beaches, the covered bridge, where are you going to find that? That would all be on it. It could be like this: "Mr. Boekenooogen, you've got an old picture of the covered bridge." "Yes, that was put up in 1800 so and so and it was taken down in 1924." There's your picture. It would cost a few dollars more, but it's worth it.

Mrs. C: It's too bad, but we just aren't equipped for that kind of thing.

Mr. B: Here's a picture of Casa Del Rey. They tell me that's quite the style down there. Casa Del Ray. There are some fine looking women down there around fifty, fifty-five, that are retired. They pay \$100 a month and get two meals a day and medical attention. That's pretty good. There are four or five nurses there. The big place by the beach. It is for retired people. But I'd be lost. I'd be lost if I got out of here. How can people be happy with one little room, no radio, no television; they don't even take the paper. No wonder that's costing them so little. And look what I've got to go with. I could go for years just polishing the furniture. I have got thousands of records.

Mrs. C: How did you decide to collect records?

Mr. B: Oh, people give them to me and I take them. I've got a

bunch more coming in too.

Mrs. C: Have you got any of Caruso?

Mr. B: I did have a bunch of Caruso. My brother took two of them the other day.

Mrs. C: I loved those big fat records you have upstairs -those quarter-inch thick ones.

Mr. B: Are you interested in this stuff?

Mrs. C: Oh, I like it. I think I'd get a little frustrated at times, trying to keep in mind where everything was.

Mr. B: Oh, I go through this every once in a while, so I've got a pretty good idea where everything is.

Mrs. C: I noticed you seemed to be able to get anything you wanted.

Mr. B: It's like the stuff on Iowa. I didn't have any idea you'd be from Iowa.

Mrs. C: Yes, you had all the stuff on Iowa out so fast!

The Kitchen

Mrs. C: Now is this the kitchen?

Mr. B: Yes, that's the kitchen.

Mrs. C: Do you cook your meals?

Mr. B: Oh, sometimes. Now this is all the Civil War collection, and this is the typewriter collection.

Mrs. C: Now let me just take time to really describe this room. Here are swords from the Civil War, a bugle, powder horn, bayonettes, another bugle, antlers, a violin, and what's this?

Mr. B: A coal skuttle.

Mrs. C: A Bell telephone from 1900. Wait a minute, how do you dial this?

Mr. B: You set it on a number and then pull a switch.

Mrs. C: That was one of the first dial telephones, I guess?

Mr. B: No, they'd had that. Now see this one you dial, but it was before they put letters on it.

Mrs. C: Yes, the dial is blank.

Mr. B: The one on the wall is an old crank phone.

Mrs. C: The bells are out in front.

Mr. B: Here's the old fashioned branding iron. This is the quirt they used to use for the horses. Here's a portable typewriter.

Mrs. C: Do you know how old that is?

Mrs. B: One hundred years old.

Mrs. C: This is an old wooden cage, still sturdy though. A

sewing basket. Here are old coins, is that right?

Mr. B: No, those were used for the slot machines in the old days. In the old saloons.

Mrs. C: Here's a typewriter, but so small! It really works?

Mr. B: Oh, yes. Here's a gold pan. I have got the scales, I think. There's an old family lantern. Old keys, locks and keys.

Mrs. C: There was electricity in the town when this house was built, wasn't there?

Mr. B: Yes. We had a place for the gas and for a light, too. I'll never forget the time when we first got electricity. We went from one room to another turning it on and off. A lot of people argue with me; they say I don't tell the truth. I say this typewriter was around about 1880. You say, "Aw, I don't believe it." I say, "I can prove it."

Mrs. C: Well, you sure can. American Magazine, December, 1888. This ad shows the same machine exactly: "Greatest Speed on Record. The Calligraph. 126 words per minute, excluding errors." I would think that would depend upon who was typing!

Mr. B: I could get a new typewriter for the old Oliver. They'd love to have this old model. Here are my kewpie dolls, and this is all bottles.

Mrs. C: What was in the bottles with the grapes on the outside?

Mr. B: Wine.

Mrs. C: Is this a canteen?

Mr. B: I think that's a wine jug.

Mrs. C: Oh, leather. And look at that champagne bottle! How much champagne, a gallon?

Mr. B: A gallon.

Mrs. C: Is that a reflector behind it?

Mr. B: This is the old eggbeater.

Mrs. C: Oh, my goodness, how did it work? Just two gears ... oh, I see. You open and close it like scissors and the one gear makes the other go and turns the little wire whip on the end. It was 1913, you said? This masher looks big enough to make a barrel of mashed potatoes. It's about two feet long:

Mr. B: Here are my handcuffs and leg irons...

Mrs. C: Leg irons! (Oh, I'm still back here on eggbeaters. Here's a coal shovel. And this must be your candlestick collection and medals and badges -- sheriff's badges, police ... Here's a coal shovel and china serving bowls, a silver loving cup, salt and

pepper shakers, Tom and Jerry cups.

Mr. B: You didn't get the clocks, did you?

Mrs. C: No, we haven't got to clocks yet. What's this thing?

Mr. B: That's a stove, you put coal oil in there if you want to fry eggs or anything.

Mrs. C: What's this thing?

Mr. B: To sharpen knives in a butcher shop. Did you ever see such a mess in your life? (Laughter)

Mrs. C: Over here are keys and padlocks, horseshoes, a broom, a bugle, pictures all over the walls, a record player, more pictures.

Mr. B: This is one of the first coffee grinders, and this is an old lunch bucket. The coffee goes in there and it stays hot. This is the old churn.

Mrs. C: That's a churn?

Mr. B: Oh, no, it's the center of a washing machine. Here are my old instruments, tools and everything.

Mrs. C: Let's see this. There's a wrench ...

Mr. B: Pipe wrench, regular wrench, screw driver, vice. We weren't so dumb in those days!

Mrs. C: No, who ever said you were? Mr. B: Oh, a lot of people say that. This is the plane.

Mrs. C: General Pershing's picture.

Mr. B: Eskimo pie.

Mrs. C: what's that? Oh, a thermos ...

Mr. B: For keeping Eskimo pies -- ice cream bars.

The Back Bedroom

Mrs. C: Here are home doctor guides.

Mr. B: Here's all your doctor books. You know a book like this has caused more damage than it has good. I wouldn't recommend it to nobody. Suppose I had a pain right here and I go ahead and treat myself for heart - - it's not the heart, it's nothing but gas over the heart. One pain could mean half a dozen different things. You look it up here, "Pain over the left chest," and get all worried.

Mrs. C: The old saying is right -- "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Oh, look at your cameras. And flatirons! Goodness, about two dozen flatirons.

Mr. B: Well, they're all different. The coal, the charcoal, the steam, the electric and gas. Then we come to this period, what they called the sadiron.

Mrs. C: What's this?

Mr. B: A tooth extractor. When that old husky dentist got a hold of that you went ... Oh, over here, in early

days, instead of making frames out of wood they would make frames out of shells. I have a nice collection of shells.

Mrs. C: Oh, look at all the shells -- thousands, thousands, thousands. Many different kinds. Boxes covered with decorative shells, picture frames in decorative shells.

Mr. B: My mother gathered most of these at 'win Lakes when they first came here.

Mrs. C: You have big, big jars just full of small shells. Coral, abalone shell, all different shapes and sizes.

Mr. B: This is a nice collection.

Mrs. C: Here are your cameras; you must have about two dozen different kinds of cameras, I'd say. Movie cameras, tripods, old cameras, small portables.

Mr. B: This is the largest collection of cameras and movie cameras and projectors there is in the country, I believe. A very rare collection. This is all my Honolulu stuff, and this is all my odds and ends of post cards.

Mrs. C: Oh, a great big chest absolutely full of post cards, absolutely full. The chest is two and one-half feet long and one and one-half feet wide.

Mr. B: That's only half of my cards. (Laughter) I tell you, if you ever want to do research on California, borrow some of these old Sunset magazines some time. Anything that you want to know is in here.

Mrs. C: What is the date on some of these?

Mr. B: In the nineties.

Mrs. C: Overland Monthly, November, 1895.

Mr. B: You know the history about the Spanish settlers? This is where you get your history.

Mrs. C: I like to read the ads in the old magazines.

Mr. B: This is a San Francisco paper. I'll tell you what would be interesting -- all the shows. I have all the programs.

Mrs. C: Then here are six or seven mechanical banks, toys, buttons, a horse, an old grandfather's clock.

Mr. B: This picture shows the old street car, the old horse drawn car.

Mrs. C: Did you ever ride those, or were they all electric?

Mr. B: Oh, yes. And this is the school I used to go to. And here's the old fire department. This was taken about 1905.

Mrs. C: And that's where the fire department is now? Oh, look

at the chicken!

Mr. B: The chicken died in 1906 and the horse died in 1907.

(Laughter) This is where I went to school, right down where the hospital is. This is the old city jail.

Mrs. C: You have a lot of little china dolls.

Mr. B: Yes, and this is what they call a comb.

Upstairs

Mr. B: I'll show you the upstairs now.

Mrs. C: Look at all your rifles! Muzzle loaders, and hats, thirty different kinds of hats.

Mr. B: These are all Santa Cruz pictures. This is a gun that was used in the Boer War. And then I've got dress suits, match boxes.

Mrs. C: Here is an old newspaper with an advertisement of your father's store. And more flat irons, goodness sakes!

Mr. B: I've got a whole box of them down there. And this is of the Sea Beach Hotel, and this is the Casa Del Rey, and the hotel on the Avenue that's gone now. This is where the Post Office is. This was taken about 1910. Here is the first paper of California, but not the first copy. See, *The Daily Alta*.

Mrs. C: *Daily Alta California*, San Francisco, Wednesday

Morning, April 19, 1865.

Mr. B: You could sell this for ten dollars. Here's a picture of the Ford Theater. You don't find many of those. These are Mount Vernon. And this is all missions. Old branding irons, my etchings.

Mrs. C: Oh, your dentist chair is up here. It is a portable isn't it?

Mr. B: Yes. That's where the reporter got the idea of making the story in the early days about people who traveled from one place to another. The Gypsies, did they have them back in your place, the Gypsies?

Mrs. C: Not much.

Mr. B: They would tell your fortune and trade horses. This is one of the first vices, made out of wood. These are all tools made out of wood. The old candle lights, old automobile lights and old sleigh bells. That's a nice collection of bells. Then there are irons in here, and all these old papers go back a hundred years. Boy you'd be surprised the knowledge you'd get if you'd just take some of those books -- all Civil War stuff.

Mrs. C: Is this a butter churn?

Mr. B: Ice cream.

Mrs. C: What's this big square wooden thing with the crank on

the top?

Mr. B: A washing machine.

Mrs. C: Here's a doll collection, and balls, bocce balls.

Mr. B: I've got 3,000 books.

Mrs. C: Look at all the cow bells over there, and other kinds of bells. That's a lovely collection of bells, a whole big book shelf full of bells.

Mr. B: Gilbert & Sullivan, meat scales, this is for mixing bread, this is the old tobacco cutter.

Mrs. C: Multiplication and division tables. These are maps from grammar schools.

Mr. B: Did you ever hear Alma Gluck?

Mrs. C: I've heard of her.

Mr. B: She was a wonderful singer; she ranked with Caruso.

(Plays record)

Mrs. C: All this is records, and you said there's 19 feet of sheet music?

Mr. B: All sheet music, a whole table full.

Mrs. C: Here's an old, old egg poacher. Dress making form...

Mr. B: Encyclopedias, cradle scythe. There's an old washing machine back.

Mrs. C: This looks like a baby's cradle.

Mr. B: That's for mixing bread. You put your flour and you

put your milk and stuff in and turn it around and it mixes your bread.

Mrs. C: Look at all your sewing machines.

Mr. B: This is a potato masher and this is an apple peeler, and here's a cherry pitter. Those are weights for physical culture. This is our old show house. I might have some film of the old opera house. There was an opera house here and they had all the big stars in the early days.

Mrs. C: Did you ever go?

Mr. B: Oh, sure. Wonderful place. All those great plays. Mrs.

C: What happened to the old opera house?

Mr. C: Oh, I don't know; the people started to get discouraged. This picture shows where they had their cannery here. The Santa Cruz Canning Company on the end of the wharf. And this is the one that was put up in 1914--that's the one we have now.

Mrs. C: Here are the fat records. These are about ten-inch records and are about one-third of an inch thick. Over here you have rosaries, bullets, cartridge belts, a whole row of coffee grinders, butter churns ...

Mr. B: Here's another thing that's interesting. That's the old churn. These are all churns, and these are all butter things. These are all books, and there's eleven

versions of the Last Supper.

Downstairs Main

Mrs. C: An old vacuum cleaner. Look at that.

Mr. B: Here's a gold scale. This is for cutting hay. Here is a curry comb, curling iron, pinchers. I've got the garage full of odds and ends and you can't get in the garage or the back porch. All kinds of furniture. This is the old radio and battery. When it gets warmer I want to organize the whole thing.

Mrs. C: This is the back porch, I see. Original Budweiser. When do you think that ad was made?

Mr. B: Oh, I don't know; it was one of the first ones made.

Mrs. C: Oh, here's a toaster.

The Spare Room

Mr. B: What you'd get a kick out of, if you had time, some time, is to go through these old movie books. It is interesting to compare the hair-dos with what they have today.

Mrs. C: Who made these scrap books?

Mr. B: I don't know. Shirley Temple, I have her. You know, I like the old plays and it is all coming back. I've got

style books and style books and style books. It all changes from one year to another. See, now, the hat

Mrs. C: You're right. They keep repeating. Where did you get these scrap books?

Mr. B: At the dump.

Mrs. C: Do you go down there very often?

Mr. B: Not any more. I used to. Now this is the old double nutcracker.

Mrs. C: Two nuts at once?

Mr. B: Yes, and here's a seven bladed knife.

Mrs. C: Oh, yes, a jackknife.

Mr. B: A curling iron.

Mrs. C: It looks almost lethal! Buttons -- just look at them! And two, no three shelves full of jars. Small jars, decanters ...

Mr. B: This is blackberry cordial, made years ago by a woman here.

Mrs. C: Oh, medicine bottles. Pictures on the walls, again, and books, books, and books in the corners. Oh, and a whole closet full of books and pictures.

Mr. B: Here are some old-fashioned dresses. Old-fashioned scrap books, voting registers, railroad pictures. Have

you got what you want?

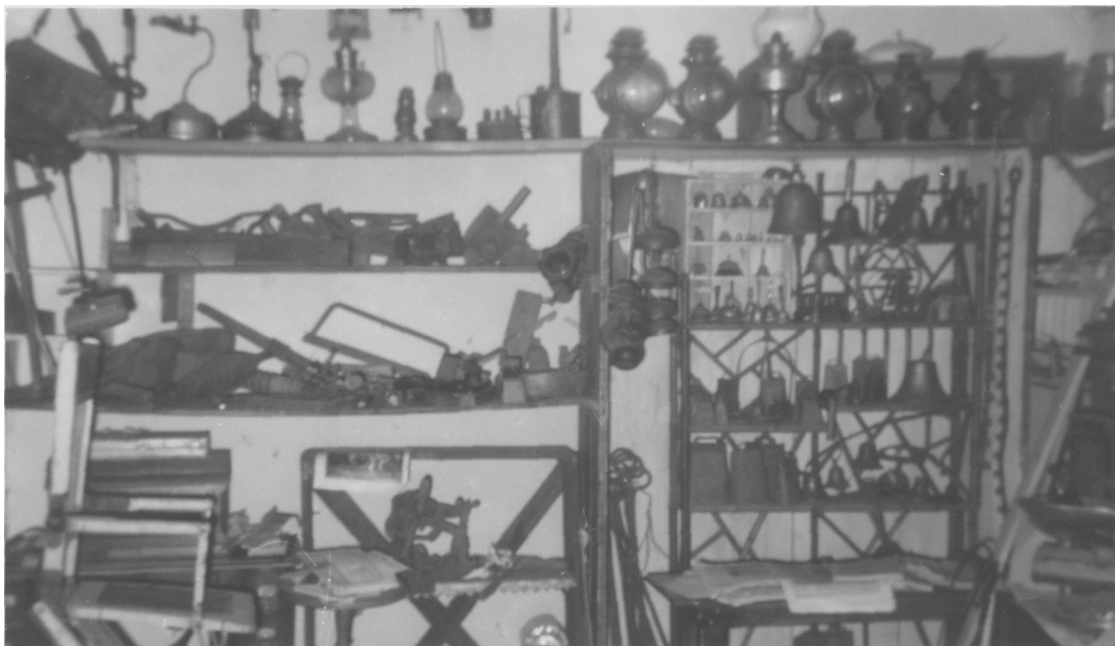
Mrs. C: Oh, this is fine. We've got about what we want -- we wanted to show the variety of material that you have and the quantity.

Mr. B: I say that I have fifty exhibits. You say, "What are they?" Music collection, book collection of 3,000 books, lighters, fifteen or twenty lighters of all different types, bottles -- two or throe hundred of all rare bottles, albums, old dresses, old pictures, pictures of George Washington's time ... You know, there's more things here than a person thinks there is.

Trans: A. Sanders

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Lamps, Bells, Folding Dentist's Chair



Mr. Boekenooen with his Bottle Collection



China Collection



A Small Portion of
Mr. Boekenooen's
Picture Collection